

A New Scotch SONG;  
OR A  
DIALOGUE  
Between Two SHEPHERDS.



Ray come you here the Fight to shun,  
Or keep the sheep with me Man,  
Or were ye at the *Sheriff-Mure*,  
And did the Battle see Man,  
Pray tell which of the Parties won,  
For well I wot I saw them Run,

Both *South* and *North*, when they begun,  
To pell and mell, and Kill and fell,  
With Muskets Snell, and Pistols fell,  
And some for H—ll did flee Man. *Fal fal fal &c.*

But my Dear *Will*, I know not still,  
Which of the two did loose then,  
For Well I wot, they had good Skill,  
To set upon their Foes Man,  
The *Red-Coats* they are Train'd you see,  
The *Clans* always disdain'd to flee,  
Who then should gain the Victory,  
But the *Highland-Race* all in a Brace,  
With a swift Space to the W---gs Disgrace,  
Did put to Chase their Foes then, *Fal fal fal &c.*

But hwo D—l *Tom*, can this be True,  
I saw the Chase on *North* Man,  
And well I wot they did Pursue,  
Them even unto *Forth* Man,  
They Ran into *Dunblain* in my own Sight,  
Got o're the Bridge, with all their might,  
And those at *Sterling* took their Flight,  
If any if Ye had been with me,  
Had seen them flee, of each Degree,  
For fear to Die with Sloth Man, *Fal fal &c.*

My Sister *Kate*, came up the Hill,  
With Crowdy unto me Man,  
She Swore she see'd them Running still,  
From *Perth* unto *Dundee* Man,  
The Left-Wing General had no Skill,  
The *Angus* Lads had no good Will,  
That Day their Neighbours Blood to Spill,  
For fear by Foes that they should Lose.  
Their Cogues of Brooes all Crying woes,  
Yonder he goes, do ye see Man.

I see but few like Gentlemen,  
Amongst this frightened Crew Man,  
I fear my Lord *Penmoore* be slain,  
Or that he's Tane just now Man,  
Tho' his Officers they did obey,  
His Cowardly *Commons*, Run away,  
For fear the Red-Coats should them slay,  
The Soldiers Health makes their Hearts fail,  
See how they Skail and turn Tail,  
And runs to *Flayle* and *Plow* Man.

But now Brave *Angus*, comes again,  
Unto the second Fight Man,  
They swear they'll either die or gain,  
No foes shall them affright Man,

*Argiles* best Forces they'll withstand;  
And Rush on Close, with Heart and Hand,  
Give them a General to Command,  
A Man of Might, that can but Fight,  
To take Deight to Lead them right,  
And ne're desire to flee Man.

Your Flanderkins, they have no skill,  
To Lead a *Scottish* Force Man,  
I fear your motions do us spoyle,  
And put us to a Loss Man,  
I'll hear of us far better News,  
When we attack their *Highland* Trooes;  
To Hash and Slash, and Smash and Bruise  
Till all the Field be overspread, with Coats & Plads  
In their cold Beds, that's most Man.

Two Generals from the Field did Run,  
Lord *Huntly* and *Seaforth* Man,  
They run'd and cry'd, grim Death to shun,  
Those Heroes of the *North* Man,  
They are far better, for Book and Pen,  
Than under March to Lead on Men,  
E're they came there, they might well keen,  
That the Female Hands could ne're gain Lands,  
Its *Highland* Brands, that Countermands,  
*Arguillands* Bands and puts them over *Forth* them

The *Comarans* Scoward as they were mad,  
Lifting their Neighbours Cows Man,  
The *Mac-Ginnis* and the *Stuarts* stood,  
Fought with a Cock a true Man,  
Had they behav'd as *Daniels* Score,  
Beat all those that was them before,  
Their King had gone to *France* no more,  
Then it's W——g and Saint will soon Repen  
And straight Resent his Covenant,  
And ranted at the news Man.

The *Mac-Gregers* they far off did stand.  
Both *Batharick*, and *Athall* too Man,  
I hear they wanted thy Command,  
For I believe them true Man,  
*Pearth*, *Fiefe*, and *Angus*, (wo  
They were Horse, stood motionless, and some  
Altho the Red Coats went them Cross,  
Clans ran and fire, left wings entire,  
Till the right entire pursue them.

But *Scotland* has not much to say,  
Of such a Fight as this is,  
For both did Fight and run away,  
The D——l take Misses  
That every Officer was not slain,  
That run that Day, and was not Tearn;  
Whether fleeing from, or to *Dunblane*,  
Then W——g and T——y in their folly,  
Srove for Glory, to this sad story,  
This our sorrow hush Man. (F